THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE,

OR

Weekly Intelligence

IN THE CIVIL, NATURAL, MORAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS WORLDS.

CALCULATED PARTICULARLY FOR THE PERUSAL OF THE YOUNG, AND THOSE OF RETIRED HABITS OF LIFE.

PUBLISHED INDEPENDENTLY OF ANY INTERESTED PARTY ATTACHMENT, AND WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE PRINCIPLES OF TRUTH AND PURITY.

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PROSPECTUS.

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When the toils of the day have been gone through, and the hours of honest industry spun out, it is pleasing to sit down and contemplate the comforts that result, with the blessing of Divine Providence, from the labour of our own hands; and in this attitude it may well be doubted, whether the king on his throne is happier than the cottager by his *evening fire-side*. The blazing hearth cheers his little mansion, and in the midst of his domestic enjoyments, his heart, spontaneously expands with thankfulness to Heaven, and with benevolence to the whole family of men; and with these pure sources of joy, he if wise, is by principle, as well as by inclination, induced to seek for a further and a better acquaintance.

The desire for knowledge is inherent in the human mind; and, under due restraint, may be made highly conducive to our interests and welfare. It is an appetite implanted in us for wise and important purposes, and if moderated within the bounds of discretion, may be very innocently as well as agreeably indulged. Religion authorizes it, when it says "Be ye *wise as serpents*, and harmless as doves." And again, "concerning evil, be ye simple; but *in understanding, be ye men*." And the Saviour prayed, not that his disciples might be taken *out of* the world, but be preserved from the evil *in the world*. An abundance of similar testimony might be easily adduced, to evince that the enlargement of the mind, and cultivation of the understanding, though not absolutely the same, maintain, nevertheless, an intimate connection with the virtues of the heart; and that they were to be recommended accordingly to all such as would aspire, in any degree, to the possession of *wisdom*; a portion of which is absolutely necessary to our safe progress through life, as well as to fit us for finally relinquishing it here.

If any thing further were necessary to convince us that the acquisition of useful knowledge, and a moderate acquaintance with the world, be proper for every person whose situation and leisure would comport with the pursuit: it would be that men of understanding have been generally sought for, by princes of the most unbounded power, and treated at once with great respect, and loaded with rich rewards. Even some knowledge of the world seems necessary to them that would despise it; that is, its corruptions and spirit. The æra has elapsed, when by the pious, Ignorance was considered as the mother of Devotion, and men have confided more in bringing both actions and things *to the light*, in order to judge of them, than was either fashionable or well practicable, in the dark night of the middle ages. We have been in the habit of considering a human mind, left to the dominion of rude prejudices, and its native ignorance, as a wild but luxuriant garden, where sturdy weeds and noxious plants usurp the place of both the salubrious vegetable and the ornamental flower. To labour, therefore, as he may be enabled, in the eradication of these obstructing weeds, as well as more directly to promote the growth of whatever may really be worth cultivation, is the arduous task which the Editor has contemplated in the conducting of the periodical work before him; the success whereof depends upon what shall follow, and which must therefore be left to speak, in the main, for itself.

It may be proper, however, to say, that though the political aspect of our country, and of the civilized world in general, is not to be altogether overlooked, yet that it forms no part of the plan of this projected paper, to enter minutely into political, or personal controversies; nor does it aim to support any set of men or principles, independently of what decidedly appears to be the voice of truth. The writer is a man of retired habits of life, and for such, and for the young, who may not have the leisure or inclination to enter into the spirit of the political disputes of the day, has he formed his plan of periodical communication. And such is the advantage of the *still small voice* of candour and moderation, that he conceives from the complexion of his remarks no party of men can have cause to deviate from the rules and feelings of good humour and respect. When men who are attached to their respective systems have *agreed to differ*, they, perhaps, are in the road to conciliation and mutual good offices, and may one day unite in the same way of thinking; but if so desirable an object as *this* shall never be attained, surely it is to be lamented that party rancour should be left to destroy the hope of so much harmony between fellow-men who are formed to be a mutual help and comfort, through the difficult passages of life.—The minute detail of battles and atrocities will be generally declined; as, however interesting such things may be to some minds, they are conceived to be inconsistent with the habits of a peaceful people, and to have more or less of a hardening effect. For it argues little feeling in a populace, that can take delight in public executions and the daily exhibitions of cruelties.

The principal topics are expected to be, *science*, *morals*, and *sentiment*; with an industrious collation of facts, as they daily turn up to the eye of observation. Agriculture, in particular, is deemed worthy of special regard. And an attentive eye will be had to those proposed improvements of an enterprising and public nature, which may, from time to time be made. And to encourage them, the Editor invites the patronage of the liberal, as well as the communications of the friendly and intelligent.

NOTE.—That a ready recurrence may be had to the more important matters of the volume, an INDEX of the subjects at large, on an extra sheet, will be added at the expiration of the year.

The price is *three dollars per annum*, payable at the expiration of the first quarter.

WHEN this prospectus was first laid before the public, the Editor indulged the hope of acting in concert with a man whose talents and virtues would have given such of the patrons of this undertaking, as are acquainted with him, high expectations as to its success. From a peculiarity of circumstances he has found it expedient to decline that part of the employment, which would have fallen to his lot.

Standing alone, the present Editor while he laments the loss of his able coadjutor, cannot help feeling doubly solicitous in the performance of an entire task which has thus unexpectedly devolved upon him. With *this* claim to the indulgence of the unprejudiced, he ventures to bespeak a fair trial at the bar of public opinion—and nothing more.

In order to render the *Evening Fire-side* agreeable, instructive, and interesting, the Editor has counted less upon his own powers of gratifying the public himself, than upon the abilities of others who may be prompted to assist him in the work. As *mere compiler* he will be satisfied to move in that humble department in which it best becomes him to move, contenting himself with the labour of arrangement and constituting himself, as it were, the organ through which the sensible part of the community may entertain each other. He persuades himself that notwithstanding the deterioration of men, so much insisted upon by some, there is enough of good sense and a sufficiency of virtue remaining in the world, to afford a great deal of harmless and valuable intercourse. We are not to find fault with the world for the variety of opinions which are circulating in it, nor churlishly to withdraw from the business of life, because our modes of thinking differ from those of other thinking minds. Error is the common frailty of human nature, and *therefore*, it becomes us, without sacrificing our own judgments, to bear with moderation the censures of our neighbours. After making up one's mind *cautiously*, the next step is to utter one's opinion *modestly*, and upon finding it to be different from that of others, one will, if he act wisely, reconsider it or labour to lead them into an uniformity with it. Between moderate men however discordant may be their opinions, the door of conciliation is always open; and if they continue to disagree in matters of judgment, let it be done in good humor, and they may yet greet each other as kind friends and affectionate neighbours.

They, then who in a friendly way would pass an occasional half-hour *at* our *Fire-side* may rest assured that they will meet with none but such as, like themselves, are invited to bear a part in rational conversation, in which argument will find its way only by being *cool* and keeping itself so;—wit by being *pure*, that is to say, as inoffensive as pointed; satire by being *genuine*, in other words a true spice from the moral garden; and humor by being innocent, and only introduced to relax the muscles of *tedious* gravity.

And in order to prevent an interruption of decorum and good manners in our little groupe of visitors, we take the liberty of *hinting* our dislike to such as might be emboldened to hope for admission merely upon the strength of their having been heretofore introduced into good company.

1. The violent politician whether federal or anti-federal. In order to rid himself of his superfluous bile, he may make use of divers daily channels that might be named. We should be pleased with a limited portion of *sterling* political information, but shall refrain from teizing our readers with the bickerings of the *pros* and *cons* and the squabbles of mere party men.

2. The literary bravado, who contends for victory, not truth; whose attack is less upon principles than persons, and whose aim is to vilify not refute an opponent. "Yet such is the frailty of human nature that writers of this description, by publishing wit for argument, and strong language for good sense, often acquire a momentary popularity, greatly to the injury of truth and to the reproach of public taste."

3. The sceptical philosopher, who with affected *modesty* reduces every thing to a query, hesitates on every important principle in morals or religion, and "reasons downward till he doubts of God." Rational investigation should by all means be encouraged; but at the same time those should be guarded against who wish to overturn the first principles of religion, morals, and civil government, and reduce it to anarchy and atheism.

4. The religious bigot of every denomination. We hope to be preserved safely from persecuting spirits and turbulent dispositions.

5 The epigramatic buffoon, and

6 The flimsy novelist—whose effusions though received with avidity by the frivolous, are known to corrupt and debilitate the mind, and to contaminate our intellectual taste as well as our moral perceptions and religious habits. All of these descriptions are thus plainly warned against intrusion; whilst those of a more amiable cast are cordially invited to our Fire-side, for

"De tous vos ornemens vous pouvez l'egayer,
Venez donc, et suf tout gardez bien d'ennuyer."

"COME! deck with lively tints the scene,
And dissipate the shades of spleen.

How aptly the moral of the following Apologue is ushered into our first number, will readily be perceived by those who are acquainted with the source of Literature whence it is drawn. We forbear to give this little piece an English dress, choosing rather to promise a translation of it upon the credit of some Lysander, who may be inclined to volunteer his aid.

EL JARDINERO Y SU AMO.

EN un jardin de flores
Había una gran fuente,
Cuyo pilon servía
De estanque á carpas, tencas y otros peces.
Unicamente al riego
El Jardinero atiende,
De modo que entretanto
Los peces agua en que vivir no tienen.
Viendo tal desgobierno,
Su Amo le reprehende;
Pues aunque quiere flores,
Regalarse con peces tambien quiere:
Y el rudo Jardinero
Tan puntual le obedece,
Que las plantas no riega
Para que el agua del pilon no merme.
Al cabo de algun tiempo
El Amo al jardin vuelve;
Halla secas las flores;
Y amostazado dice de esta suerte:
Hombre, no riegues tanto,
Que me quede sin peces;
Ni cuides tanto de ellos,
Que sin flores, gran bárbaro, me dexes.
La máxîma es trillada;
Mas repetirse debe:
Si al pleno acierto aspiras,
Une la utilidad con el deleite.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

IMMORTALITY.

"Where darkness, brooding o'er unfinish'd Fate,
"With raven-wing incumbent, waits the hour——
"Dread hour!—*that interdicts all future change!*"
YOUNG.

IN the grand and comprehensive idea of Immortality, whatever objects are great or excellent in nature, whatever ingenious, intricate, or useful in art—can contribute to amuse, instruct, or elevate the mind, indulge taste, or gratify passion, are at once absorbed, or annihilated. "They shrink into pompous nothings!"*

When Christian charity is permitted to expand in our bosoms; when we look on all human beings around us as children of ONE PARENT—consider our nature—whence we came—and that we are proceeding in the same journey towards happiness, tho' by different means, and stretch down our view beyond the mists of death, through the immeasurable regions of eternity, it is then that we *strain our aching sight*, and drop into ourselves;†

* Addison.

† "Then *drop into thyself*, and be a fool!"
Pope's Essay on Man. Ep. 2.

it is then we see our weakness as men, and rejoice in our sensations of sympathy with the distresses of others: and when a relation or friend is summoned to appear before the throne of justice, our fears are alarmed; and we naturally suppose in those moments when the agony of reflection has not yet subsided, that *we* may be the *next* victims of death.—But, alas! how powerful are the delusions of the world in withdrawing our attention from objects of the most serious concern!—The delights of pleasure, and the hurry of occupation lull the mind into insensibility, or divert its energies: and to divest ourselves of the incumbrance of thought, we believe that our vigor of health or habit of constitution will enable us to enjoy life "yet many days" and years; and the impressions are justly assimilated to the "trace of an arrow through the penetrated air, or the path of the keel in the furrowed waters."‡ But, not only an accurate knowledge of the human system, but our own narrow experience and observation will convince us, that man may to-day possess the bloom of health, the dignity of elevation, and the splendor of riches, and to-morrow be enclosed within the insatiable grasp of the grave! Then will the false distinctions formed by the heated imagination of mankind be annihilated, and every one must lay his claim only to virtue and piety; then nothing will be recollected with pleasure, but what we contributed to the happiness of those around us; for pride and humility, prosperity and adversity, grandeur and indigence, youth and age, learning and ignorance are all blended together in one common, undistinguishable mass, in the chambers of DEATH; where the calls of ambition, the thirst of praise, the ardour of knowledge, or the influence of power

"No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed."

This single reflection, if but properly attended to, would serve very powerfully to suppress discontent, to increase love, to quell inordinate ambition, to modify desire, and to exercise virtuous hope.

It is a very solemn consideration, tho' it seldom is permitted to occur, that in the short space of two hundred years, every living human being, who now hangs on the breasts of maternal affection—who glories in the vigor of youth, who rejoices in the mature intellect of manhood, or who suffers under the debilitating influence of age; who values himself on the possession of talents, affluence, and all the variety of splendor and delight which this sublunary scene affords, will be fixed—eternally and irrevocably fixed, either in a state of inconceivable bliss, or unutterable woe! How important the thought! Were mankind to give themselves one moment's reflection on the infinite duration of a future state, what beneficial effects would be produced!

A hero of ancient renown, who astonished and awed the world by his conquests, is said to have WEPT, while he viewed from an eminence his large encampment of soldiers, exulting in the joy of anticipated victory, when he considered, that in a short space of time, *all whom he then saw, would be seen no more*;* and with them and himself would be buried his vast projects to subjugate the world, his ambition of power, his love of fame, and the remembrance of his mighty victories: that a future generation would be insensible to *his* grandeur, and perhaps stamp his name with infamy, or sully it with derision and contempt. He then was compelled to feel and acknowledge, that although he were a conqueror, he was liable to suffer the infirmities and the passions, the distress and the allotment of a *man*.

It is, indeed, of the *utmost* importance, that we should always keep in view the solemn truth, that we are *mortal:* and the mind would not require many memorials in addition to those which it now possesses, if it could only divest and disembarrass itself from the tumult of pleasure, reject the sallies of unseasonable vivacity, refrain from the indulgence of wild imagination, and reduce to complete subjection the desires of passion. How awful and alarming is the view of futurity! Can we contemplate, without emotion, THAT STATE, into which we are *each moment* about to enter—that boundless ocean of felicity or of misery, into which we are suddenly to plunge?—The impression of the scene is still more heightened and increased, when we meditate on the *uncertainty* of our future allotment; and we wait with anxious suspence and awe, that hour,

"Dread hour!—that interdicts all future change!"

The mind trembles with apprehensions, and shudders at its own emotions.

To view, in a proper light, the GRANDEUR of Immortality—to consider its boundless extent, its endless succession of ages, which, after revolving through ten thousand times ten thousand utmost lengths of our perceptions of infinite space and time, will be only *beginning its preparations to commence*,—that our welfare and happiness through these infinitudes will depend on our conduct in this variable and perplexed stage of existence, is indeed an humbling, an overwhelming thought! And never, while clothed with mortality, will the mind of man be capable of reflecting on its complicated intricacies with any degree of correctness, or of adjusting their nature and combinations with precision.

"Puzzled in mazes, and perplex'd with errors,
"Our understanding traces them in vain;
"Lost and bewilder'd in the fruitless search."*

Even in the *common* concerns of life, in the avocations of business, or pursuits of rational comforts, we are often at a stand:

"Doubting, fearing,
"As our course we're steering."

"Afraid† to go forward, lest we should go wrong," and willing to relinquish the search, yet stimulated to advance by necessity, or by hope.—There are, indeed, many situations in this world, in which the accuracy of knowledge, the rapidity of perception, the firmness of perseverance, and the strength of judgment are all requisite. How, then, can we expect, in truths of a more important nature, to direct our steps with certainty? Where the most ardent imagination is deficient,‡ the extremes of terror and apprehension inadequate to convey to the mind a *faint* idea of IMMORTALITY! *What* myriads of calculations, *what* profundity of research, or lengths of duration, can limit the ETERNAL NOW?

Can finite humanity conceive the splendour which surrounds IMMORTAL beings? the blaze of light, which encircles the viewless throne of the OMNIPOTENT?

"*Dark with excessive bright*, His skirts appear,
"Yet dazzle heaven, that BRIGHTEST seraphim
"Approach not, but with both wings veil their eyes!"‖

Can man imagine any thing of resplendent majesty, infinite in grandeur, and boundless in glory? Verily, NO.

These reflections naturally cause the mind to be overwhelmed with its own

‡ From an anonymous author. This beautiful thought has, perhaps, originated from the following sublime passage of Dr. Young:—

"————, when some alarming shock of fate
"Strikes thro' their wounded hearts the sudden dread;
"But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,
"Soon close; *where past the shaft no trace is found.*
"As from the wing, no scar the sky retains;
"*The parted wave no furrow from the keel;*
"So dies in human hearts the thought of death."

N. T.

* Job vii. 8—St. John xiv. 19.

* Addison's Cato, Act 1. Sc. 1. † Rambler, No. 65.

‡ 1. Cor. ii. 9. ‖ Milton.

perceptions, which, however violent, are but very feeble endeavors to form an *imperfect* image of eternity.

" ——Emerging from a sea of dreams
" Tumultuous, ——————"*

Man looks up from the effect to the Great First Cause, and from the troublous contemplation of immortal scenes, turns to the enrapturing view of that Being who formed them, and whose praise their eternal duration is too short to express—too transient and momentary to display !†

Will man be *insensible*, while he reflects on these truths? will he still degrade himself by following the paths of vice, which both reason and revelation declare, will make eternity miserable—will he, with such astonishing infatuation, *prefer* these to the pursuits of virtue? which will ennoble his present existence, assure him of a future state of happiness, and enable him to bid defiance to the malice of the world, the assaults of malevolence, the derisions of the ignorant, the scorn of the multitude. O ! let him seek, then, the temple of Virtue, in whose precincts dwells peace, in whose borders is gladness !—Who will preserve him from present impending danger, qualify him for future glory, and admit him finally into the paradise of God. For thus will the foundations of the temple of triumphant Virtue stand firm through an endless succession of ages: not merely while the natural luminary brightens this sublunary prospect, but as long as the ETERNAL ONE—the glorious and infinitely transcendant light, which surpasses that illumination visible to the fervent imagination of man, shall endure, to afford a resplendent day to the regions of IMMORTALITY.

Let the impressions, therefore, of eternity, which we experience in our *serious* moments, be suffered to continue their beneficial influence; and they will so qualify our hours of pleasure, that we shall seek no improper means for increasing the comforts which we are lawfully enabled to obtain, for softening the rigours of mortality: " always bearing in mind, that the short and transient *now* carries on its fleeting wing, an eternity of bliss or woe !"‡ We can then look back, without regret, on the moments which are irrevocably passed; nay—the remembrance of them will be sweet. Let every man who wishes to *enjoy* immortality, which, as the pious Mason observes

" ——by all or wish'd or fear'd,
" Shall be by all or suffer'd or enjoy'd,"||

endeavor to make a proper use of the time now in his possession, which is a *part* of eternity, however its several short periodical successions of days and hours, of months or years, may be neglected or contemned,* and dedicate some of it at least to reflection on a dread futurity: and cheerfully listen to that voice, which is heard if we will be sufficiently *silent* to hear, and retire from the confusing tumult of this world, and its various affections. So that when the Archangel shall declare *time to continue no longer*†—" when days, months, and years, we number no more," the soul, delighted, shall divest herself of the clothing of mortality,

" As loud she hails her native sky,
" Now wide upon the rapt'ur'd sight
" Burst beatific visions bright;
" Earth binds her *angel form* no more;
" She bursts the bonds that chain'd before,
" And puts on IMMORTALITY !"‡

May 28, 1804. TAPER.

* Young.

† " Through all eternity, to thee
A joyful song I'll raise,
For O ! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise."
Addison's Hymn of Gratitude.

‡ Dr. Smith, Serm. Dec 8, 1793.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

ELEGY
ON THE DEATH OF WILLIAM SAVERY.

HOW long shall man, in love with care and woe,
Grope like the snail, that revels in its slime?
Confine his views to paltry scenes below,
And slight the joys beyond the present time?

Can naught excite reflection? ope the eye
Of contemplation, and extend the gaze
To realms, where spirits tread th' ethereal sky,
And breathe th' enlivening atmosphere of praise?

Ye, who long deaf to wisdom's piercing cries,
Have wander'd from your happiness astray;
In whose dark minds the mists of passion rise,
And dim the lustre of the Heavenly ray;—

Awake to life; nor longer idly dream
Your hours away, amidst delusive shades;
Feel, while for you it shines, that quickening beam
Whose light, all intellectual glooms pervades.

Pervades? ah ! let not hasty zeal suppress
The truth that Nature, to resistance prone,
Possesses in the soul one dark recess
And rules th' unhallow'd precinct as her own.

There sits the will enthron'd and proudly swells
In opposition to creative might,
Against redeeming love at once rebels,
And, like the mole ! excludes supernal light.

Free, independent and elate, she wings
Her daring and indignant flight abroad;
Treads with unlicens'd steps the courts of Kings,
And braves, unblushing braves, th' Eternal God.

So GREAT is man !—and whosoe'er thou be,
Whose eye discursive glances on this line,
Pause and reflect that 'tis address'd to thee;—
For, this unconquerable will is thine.

Like this frail hand, that trembles while it writes,
Thy frame, thou know'st, was moulded from vile Earth;
But what the lurking spirit that indites,
Hast thou inquir'd?—and whence it had its birth?

Art thou, who read'st, acquainted with the voice
That urges thee to act; or to refrain?
And dictates to the doubting mind, the choice
Which fills thy breast with pleasure, or with pain?

That voice is thy volition (the bright gem
Which in thy crown shines peerless, child of clay !)
That bids, if reading thou condemn, " condemn"
Or if thou should approve, " approve the lay."

That voice is *it* at whose command alert,
Thy watchful members in its service move
To mete thy neighbours' portion of desert,
In frowns of anger or in smiles of love.

It makes th' obedient tongue of many a wretch
Load with harsh blasphemies the *trembling* air;
It prompts full many a zealous priest to stretch
His arms in all the vehemence of pray'r !

It cries—(ah ! heart, proclaims it not thy guilt?)
Behold what *my* great power has done for *me*,
Behold great Babylon that *I* have built;
Built for the honor of *my* Majesty !

Reader if thou hast learnt to look within
(If not 'tis time attention *there* to fix)
Oft hast thou felt this poisonous *sap* of *sin*
Ooze in thy thought, and with devotion mix.

Hence many a *fruitless* pray'r (if many a one
By thee was ever made) this truth displays;
For mere lip-utterance of " thy will be done,"
Claims not the meed of piety nor praise.

Know thy own will relinquish'd—*that* is pray'r,
And thou art blest, and God is glorified;
Retain'd—each action, word and thought declare
Thy disobedience, wretchedness and pride.

Ere thou who, slighting the grave truths I tell,
Turn from the theme dissatisfied away,
Let one fair fact the shades of doubt dispel
And cheer with moral evidence the lay.

|| Elegy on the death of lady Coventry.

* Vide Rack's Essays, p. 143. Young N. T. N. 2. Blair, on the importance of order in the distribution of time, &c. &c.

† Rev. x 6. ‡ J H. L. Hunt.

Behold yon mourners, that o'erwhelm'd with grief
Listlessly wander thro' the silent street;
These turn apart as if to shun relief,
Those with heart-rending salutations greet!

Ask'st thou what means that melancholy air?
Why sobs break forth, and mingled tears are shed?
Alas! the man they knew not how to spare,
Their City's pride, their Country's boast—is dead!

Statesmen and warriors may resign their breath;
Yet hope and joy thro' sorrow's twilight dawn,—
Pitt, phœnix-like, arose at Chatham's death,
And we *have* smil'd, tho' Washington was gone.

But what consoling power shall *now* presume
To cheat us into joy? what hope beguile?
Who dry the tears that fall upon *this* tomb
And give to *these* dejected looks a smile?

Him now we mourn who knew not court finesse,
Nor chronicled in brother's blood his fame;
Whose Heaven-inspir'd ambition was to bless;
To follow good—"his being's end and aim."

Tied to no party, but the general weal;
Bound to no sect, by every sect rever'd,
His generous mind was warm'd, not fir'd, by zeal
To spread the knowledge of the God he fear'd.

A heart with Gospel charity inflam'd,
A life devoted to Religion's cause,
With many a virtuous deed that might be nam'd,
Would trace, obscurely trace, what SAVERY was!

Peace is his portion: and it may be thine
If thou will buy it at the price he paid,—
The world, its wisdom, and thine own resign,
And be thine inward monitor obey'd.

His soul was fill'd with wisdom. Would'st *thou* be
In wisdom, Heavenly wisdom, deeply skill'd?
Be humble, meek, from prejudices free,
And O! be willing to be—not self-will'd.

How he was lov'd shall rival world's long own,
From polish'd Europe to yon savage hordes;
For *there* his voice was heard, his name was known,
And fond remembrance *there* his worth records.

Reader, would'st thou, like him we mourn, be lov'd!
Like him be never by thy lusts entic'd;
Be, in the light, thy deeds like his approv'd,
And follow him as he has follow'd Christ.

This is his pray'r, whose faith (altho' his pen,
Clogs it with rhyme that ill becomes its worth)
Beholds th' approaching glorious period, when
Saverys shall rise to fill th' astonish'd Earth;

For peace and charity *shall* lead mankind
In the same path which our dear friend has trod,
And, with the will quiescent, every mind
Shall yield the reins of Government, to God.

And lo! the promis'd day begins to pale
Yon orient hills with cheering light; and soon
The mists that darken this apostate vale,
Shall be dispell'd before the blaze of noon!

This hope sustains the bard, whose humble aim
Soar'd not to deck with Eulogy the Bier;
But fondly ventures to repeat his name,
O'er William's grave, and drop a silent tear!"

Birmingham.

[It is with pain that we communicate the following picture of some of the late horrid transactions in Hispaniola. Several of the unhappy victims herein named were personally known to *us*, whose acquaintance with the Island is such as to warrant an opinion, that Bonamy's description is by no means exaggerated. This is but a specimen of the horrors which must ever accompany in greater or less degree, the practice of SLAVERY, and under that view may be usefully considered as a warning against that species of injustice.]

Paris, 22d Thermidor.

"THE details you have published of the general massacre of the whites in the island of St. Domingo, are unfortunately but too authentic; they can be attested by the planters who have escaped from that island, and have just arrived at Paris, where I have seen and heard them, being myself a party concerned. If you desire particular information, I am going to state that for which I can vouch.

"M. La Caussade, from Bordeaux, whose sister is at Paris, made a voyage to the West Indies with a cargo; he was at Cape Francois in April. With a view to save his property, he deemed it prudent to pay his court to the negro chiefs, by feasting them. Five days after the proclamation of the 28th April was issued by Dessalines, he invited Dessalines, and about forty of his generals and officers, to dine with him, which they accepted. The dinner was sumptuous, accompanied by riotous gaiety, and finished with libations of Champaign, drank to the health of Gen. Dessalines, and, given by M. la Caussade to that of the people of Hayti, &c. The general, in his turn, gave the health of his host: this was the signal.—No sooner was the toast given, than the two who sat next to M. la Caussade seized him, the one by the breast and the other by the thigh; they lifted him up, and stretched him on the table. Each of the guests took his knife, and buried it in the body of the unfortunate white.—The cannibals vied with each other, in the words of the proclamation, for the honor of striking the first blow. From L. la Caussade's house, they repaired to M. Folneu's, a merchant, demanded some liquor, drank it, and assassinated him.—Next they went to M. Arnaud's; then to another white man's, lopped off his arms and legs, and left the trunk alive as long as nature could support it. They next proceeded to M. Hardiviilier's, partner in the house of Foache, &c. The cries of the dying spread, and were heard in every house,

"Madame George was at home with her three daughters, young, interesting, and well bred girls. The blacks entered her house, sword in hand. The women fled to the balcony, where the three young girls were poignarded. The mother not being stabbed, fainted away. By a refinement of cruelty, the monsters recalled her to life by the scent of vinegar, and forced her to contemplate the shocking spectacle of her murdered daughters, weltering in their blood. A black, more compassionate, put a rope round the neck of the unfortunate mother, fastened it to the railing of the balcony, and threw the body over; in this state she expired. I had a sister-in-law in the town, (her foster daughter) and other relations, none of whom escaped.

"These, sir, are some traits of the unheard of cruelties committed at the Cape by the blacks upon the white people, the race of whom is now extinct in that fine colony. Here you see the result of the philosophical declamations, which issued from the lips of the friends of the blacks. Turn to the book intitled, "*The year* 2,440," read the chapter, "*Remarkable Monument*;" you will there find the conduct which Dessalines pursues, traced from first to last.* Read (if your indignation permits) the writings, the

* Les naturels ont repris leurs droits imprescriptibles, puisque c'etoient ceux de la nature. Ce héroique vengeur a rendu libre un monde dont il est le dieu, et l'autre lui a décerné des hommages et des couronnes. Il est venu comme l'orage qui s'etend sur une ville criminelle que ses foudres vont écraser. Il a ete l'ange exterminateur a qui le Dieu de justice, avoit remis son glaive: il a donné l'exemple que tôt ou tard la cruaute sera punie, et que la Providence tient en reserve de ces ames fortes qu'elle dechaine, sur la terre pour retablir l' equilibre que l' iniquite de la feroce ambition a su detruire."—Tom. I. p. 184.

Without venturing to extol the mere prediction of Mercier we would add, how necessary it seems that the sufferers by the colonial revolution should take the hint which the author has given, viz.—"Quiconque ne distinguera pas les profanateurs de la Revolution de ses sages et paisibles auteurs, qu'il ferme mon livre, il n'est pas fait pour le lire!"

Let him who shuts his eyes against the distinction, which is so obvious between those who have corrupted the principles of the revolution, and the mild and sage asserters of them, shut my book,—it was not intended for him.

motions of such men as Brissot de Warville, Condorcet, and other famous philanthropists of the 18th century, and then say if the French in the colonies could escape the fate they have already experienced in St. Domingo, and which threatens them in the other West-India islands.

"Three white Frenchmen escaped from the Cape several days after the massacre, viz. Messrs. Groschamp, son-in-law to the late admiral count de Grasse, Barck and Olivier. They owe their safety to the courage of Mr. Dutch, the American consul, who claimed, in the name of his government, those three Frenchmen who fled to him for shelter, asserting they were naturalized citizens of the United States. He fled with them, and they all arrived at New-York, where they have communicated the details published there, and which are here only repeated in part. They there related the facts which you have now read, to creditable persons, from whom I received them. I am too much concerned in them, having lost my whole fortune, and a part of my family, by them, not to obtain a certainty of the truth of all the details which I send you.

(Signed) "ALEXIS BONAMY.

P. S. It is asserted, that the blacks have preserved at the Cape, for their service, Mr. Dusour, printer, and Mr. Faroux, engineer."

SELECTED FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Parallel or Contrast between Addison and Johnson.

COMPARISONS have been formed between the Rambler and its predecessors, or rather between the genius of Johnson and of Addison; but these have generally ended in discovering a total want of resemblance. As they were both original writers, they must be tried, if tried at all, by laws applicable to their respective attributes. But neither had a predecessor. We can find no humour like Addison's; no energy and dignity like Johnson's. They had nothing in common, but moral excellence of character; they could not have exchanged styles for an hour. Yet there is one respect in which we must give Addison the preference, more general utility. His writings would have been understood at any period; Johnson's would have been perhaps unintelligible a century ago, and are calculated for the more improved and liberal education now so common. In both, however, what was peculiar was natural. The earliest of Dr. Johnson's works confirm this; and from the moment he could write at all, he wrote in stately periods; and his conversation from first till last abounded in the peculiarities of his composition. In general we may say, with Seneca, *Riget ejus oratio, nihil in ea placidum, nihil lene.* Addison's style was the direct reverse of this. If the "Lives of the Poets," be thought an exception to Dr. Johnson's general habit of writing, let it be remembered that he was for the most part confined to dates and facts, to illustrations, and criticisms, and quotations; but when he indulged himself in moral reflections, to which he delighted to recur, we have again the vigour and loftiness of the Rambler, and only miss some of what has been termed his hard words.

Addison principally excelled in the observations of manners, and in that exquisite ridicule he threw on the minute improprieties of life. Johnson, although by no means ignorant of life and manners, could not descend to familiarities with tuckers and commodes, with fans and petticoats. A scholar by profession and a writer from necessity, he loved to bring forward subjects so near and dear as the disappointments of authors—the dangers and miseries of literary eminence—anxieties of literature—contrariety of criticism—miseries of patronage—value of fame—causes of the contentment of the learned—prejudices and caprices of criticism—vanity of an author's expectations—meanness of dedication—necessity of literary courage; and all those other subjects which relate to authors and their connection with the public. Sometimes whole papers are devoted to what may be termed the personal concerns of men of literature; and incidental reflections are every where interspersed for the instruction or caution of the same class.

When he treats of common life and manners, it has been observed that he gives to the lowest of his correspondents the same style and lofty periods; and it may also be noticed, that the ridicule he attempts is in some cases considerably heightened by this very want of accommodation of character. Yet it must be allowed that the levity and giddiness of coquettes and fine ladies are expressed with difficulty in the Johnsonian language. It has been objected also that even the names of his ladies have very little of the air of court or city, as Zosima, Properantia, &c. Every age seems to have its peculiar names of fiction. In the Spectator's time the Damons and Phillises, the Amintors, Amandas and Cleoras, &c. were the representatives of every virtue and every folly.—These were succeeded by the Philamonts, Tenderillas, Timoleons, Seomanthes, Pantheas, Adrastas and Bellimantes; names to which Mrs. Heywood gave currency in her Female Spectator; and from which at no great distance of time Dr. Johnson appears to have taken his Zephyrettas, Trypheruses, Nitellas, Misotheas, Vagarios, and Flirtillas.

Chalmer's edition of the British Essayists.

Simplicity and Integrity of the Swiss Mountaineers.

A peasant, named Frantz, came one evening to look for Gaspar, who was mowing a meadow, and said "my friend, this is hay-harvest. Thou knowest that we have a dispute about this meadow: we know not to whom it properly belongs. To decide the question, I have collected the Judges at Schwitz—come then, to-morrow, with me, before them." "Thou seest, Frantz, that I have mowed the meadow,—I cannot be absent."—"And I cannot send away the Judges, who have fixed on the day: indeed, we should have known to whom it belonged before it was mown." They had some little controversy on the subject; and, at last, Gaspard said, "I will tell thee what thou shalt do:—go to-morrow to Schwitz—give the Judges my reasons and thine—and I shall save the trouble of going myself." On this agreement, Frantz went to plead for and against himself, and drew out the reasons on both sides as well as he could. When the judges had decided, he went to Gaspar—"The meadow is thine, the sentence is in thy favor."—People the earth with such men, and happiness will dwell there!

Lantier's Swiss Tourist.

MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS.

TASSO being once rallied with all the bitterness of sarcasm, one of the company observed, that he was a fool to not retort;—"no," replied Tasso, "silence in such a case is no characteristic of a fool."

CALLISTES is a man of much wit, with a sound understanding, which is its truest characteristic. He rallies with a talent seldom equalled, and succeeds by con-

fining the ridicule he deals out, to those foibles which it is not painful to acknowledge. He blames, 'tis true, but he blames only the *excess* of a quality, which if kept within due bounds would in itself be praise worthy.

It is unjust and illiberal to fix a reproach on many for the bad deeds of a few. National prejudice, is a species of cruelty, which an author has judiciously compared to that of Caligula, who, it is said, wished the Roman people had but one head, that he might strike it off at one blow!

Cautiously restrain thy pleasantry within prudent bounds, even upon trifling matters; lest, whilst thou art gaining the laugh, thou lose the good opinion of thy hearers.

SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

Britain is waiting and prepared for *Bonaparte's* threatened descent,—which, however, in the opinion of some will never be made, and according to the judgment of others, never attempted. The immense force that the *Invasion* has given the French emperor occasion to raise, is the grand instrument upon which perhaps he most relies for the preservation of his power. When this object has been attained, if no other should present, *this* probably may be deemed to suffice. In this more pacific result, humanity seems chiefly interested. The patriotism of the *English* seems thoroughly roused, and most tremendous will probably be the scenes of conflict and carnage, if the *French* should ever hostilely disembark upon their isle. Whilst men retain their natural passions unsubdued, war seems the necessary occasional result; and the present contest is undoubtedly among the most eventful and consequential in the annals of time. Hitherto it has been a war of preparations, and arms, and annoyance. The clouds have gathered immense and portentous blackness,—but whether the dreadful thunders shall be permitted to strike the affrighted world, is among the uncertainties of futurity. To those who humbly rely upon him, there is a kind Providence, that will ever protect the righteous few, though flames of sulphur be poured upon the devoted *Sodom* and *Gomorrah*.—The people of France are breathing after repose; and in part, enjoy it. But so restless and ambitious a people, will not for centuries, upon principles of human calculation, either remain quiet long themselves, or suffer their more pacific neighbours to be still. France has never emerged from the darkness of heathenism. Her papistical superstitions have left her in comparative ignorance. Protestantism has been repeatedly crushed by violent persecution, and the whole empire seems of late to have been expiating its national sins. Infidelity and Atheism, however, appear to have caused as much blood-shed as bigotry and persecution have ever caused in the same period of time; and the nation seem now fast returning to their former devotional habits. By means of the Concordat,* the Protestants have once more lifted up their heads; and with the present fashionable tolerance and Catholicism will probably be suffered to live and multiply. The French seem many years behind the English, in the progress of religious light. Recent accounts however state, that books of devotion were in universal request, whilst lately a single copy of the French bible, could in the metropolis, with difficulty be procured. A national change so much for the better cannot but afford satisfaction to the philanthrophic mind.—The rest of Europe are spectators; having various and opposing interests, in regard to the ambitious and warlike movements of the two master powers. The *Russian* Alexander, seems disposed to embark with Britain. He has taken umbrage at the outrages of Bonaparte in the violations of German neutrality, and the murder of the duke D'Enghien. But whether war be the measure that an enlightened policy would dictate as his duty, in character of asserter of the law of humanity, and of the law of nations, may well admit of query. The king of Prussia seems, by the aid and influence of Bonaparte, to be in expectance of the imperial title. Austria is weakened and inactive; she has however assumed an hereditary title to the German empire, in lieu of an electoral one; a step probably of more nominal than real importance; as from superior influence, the Austrian family had for a long time been in unrivalled possession of that dignity.—Spain is embroiled with both the United States and with Great Britain. Between that country and Great Britain we have reason to believe that hostilities have at length commenced. For by the last arrival from London, we learn that a squadron of four English frigates had recently fallen in with four Spanish frigates off St. Mary's, from Riô de la Plate, bound for Cadiz, and loaded with treasure, estimated at 20,000,000 of dollars; an engagement ensued in which one of the Spanish ships was blown up, and the other three struck to the English.

In Sweden, according to a late London paper, a war with France is considered inevitable. A cabinet council was held on the 8th of 9th mo. at which it was determined to prohibit the introduction of all French papers into Sweden, and all intercourse with the French charge d'affaires, who in consequence left Stockholm on the 10th.

CANTON.—"It is reported, says a letter from Canton, that the Mandarins have petitioned the Emperor to apply to the British Asiatic government for assistance in reducing the rebels, who continue to distract the Empire. The rebels in the upper provinces appear to have been furnished with cannon and arms from the founderies of Agra, but by what mode of conveyance is unknown."

Letters from Bencoolen state that the cultivation of the nutmegs, mace, and cloves in the Island of Sumatra, still continued to be attended with success; and very little doubt is entertained of their being speedily naturalized and assimilated to the soil and climate. The nutmegs produced are smaller than those of Banda, but the flavor is by no means inferior.

CONSTANTINOPLE.—By the last accounts from Constantinople, we learn that the Capt. Bashaw had taken the city of St. Jean d'Acre out of the hands of Ismael Pacha; the latter, however, was expected shortly to be reinstated in his authority. [This is the same Ismael Pacha who accompanied the grand army to Egypt in 1800, and being patronized by the Napif Pacha obtained the dignity of Bashaw of Three Tails; after this he was put into possession of the government of Marash, but did not long hold it, owing to his great extortions, which surpassed every thing formerly practised by Turkish oppression. He was ordered to suffer capital punishment; to effect which the Grand Vizier appointed him to the government of Suwas, whilst a plan was concerted to way-lay him on his road thither, and bring him in chains to the Turkish camp. The meeting however between the assassins and Ismael served only to establish his reputation for extraordinary courage and fortitude; for he displayed such gallantry and vigour on their attack, that they were obliged to fly.—He then flew for protection to Gezzar Pacha, the tyrant of St. Jean d'Acre, and was kindly received by that chieftain, on his complaining that he suffered from the Grand Vizier's persecution. He followed the fortunes of Gezzar till within a year and a half prior to the latter's decease, when Ismael lost his favour, and was in consequence committed to prison in Acre, where he remained till the day of Gezzar's decease. Gezzar having no children, considered Ismael as a man fit to inherit his wealth and power, as he had been bred up in a rancorous hatred to the Grand Vizier, and in independence of the Porte.

As Gezzar lay on his death bed, he sent for Ismael Pacha from his confinement, who had so little expectation of the change of fortune that awaited him, that he requested to be allowed a few moments to prepare himself for death. On his being brought into Gezzar's presence, he would have begged for mercy; but Gezzar said, "there I leave you plenty of troops, plenty of money to pay them, and good fortifications to fight in. If you are a man, you will keep them, and my enemies will have no reason to exult in my death."—Immediately on the death of Gezzar, Ismael seized on the reins of govern-

* By Concordat, is meant the pact made between the Pope of Rome and the First Consul of France.

ment, and the most perfect obedience ensued in the neighbouring provinces. He however declared that he held the government only until the will of the Porte should be known, and in consequence, affixed the public seal to the immense magazine of treasures left by the deceased.

Respecting Gezzar Pacha, the late tyrant of St. Jean d'Acre, whose real character has never been well known, we have the following account.—After a life nearly spent in the commission of the most horrid cruelties and enormities, for the attainment of the supreme authority in a once famous country, this wretch closed his days with the following *merciful* soliloquy, which he uttered a few moments previous to his decease: "I perceive," said he, "that I have but a short time to live; what must I do with those rascals in my prisons? Since I have stripped them of every thing, what good will it do them to let them loose again naked into the world? The greatest part of them were Governors and men of consequence in the country, who, if they return to their posts, will be forced to ruin a great many poor people, in order to replace the sums I have taken from them, and as it is best for their own sakes, and for that of others, that I should dispatch them. They will then soon be in a place where proper care will be taken of them; a very good place, where they will neither be permitted to molest ony one, nor be themselves exposed to molestation. Yes—yes—it is best to dispatch them."

In consequence of the above order, 23 victims, who had formerly enjoyed the highest stations in Turkey and Egypt, were *charitably* thrown *en masse* into the sea, as the most expeditious mode of execution—while others were destroyed by the *bow-string*.

The object of Gezzar was to obtain the whole government of Syria and Egypt. At the time of his death, he had united in his own person the Pachalick of Serda Damascus, and Tripoli, and the nominal Viceroyship of Egypt. The Pachalick of Aleppo alone remained for the completion of his desire.

DOMESTIC.

A motion has been made in Congress by Dr. Mitchel, to remit the duties payable on the importation of books for the use of our colleges. The object of this motion is unequivocally for the encouragement of our literature; but whether the motion will carry, is a doubt.—In our sister state of N. York, a different legislative interference has been resorted to, for the encouragement of learning.—Three lotteries have been authorised; but a fatality seems to attend them. A defalcation of one of the Managers to the third lottery has taken place, to the amount of 30,000 dollars. The state however, have in consistency with public faith, proposed to cover the virtual defalcation, to the amount of 8000 dollars, the residue appearing realizable from certain securities and lands.—The democratic ticket, for election, has prevailed in N. Hampshire.—After a charity sermon lately in N. York, 500 dollars were collected for the charity school; appearing to us, an instance of uncommon munificence.—From Albany is announced the death of *Gen. Philip Schuyler*, father-in-law, to the late Alexander Hamilton. He was in the 71st year of his age, and an eminent character, among the statesmen and patriots of our day; "distinguished," says the Albany editor, "for strength of intellect, extensive knowledge, and the soundness and purity of his principles. A practical, not a visionary patriot;—wise in devising, enterprizing and persevering in the execution of plans of great and public utility; too intelligent to found his opinions upon other grounds than the experience of ages,—and too honest to tell the people, that their liberties could be preserved in any other way than by wholesome restraints of laws energetic, yet free. In private life he was dignified, but courteous;—in his manners, hospitable; a pleasing companion,—ardent and sincere in his friendships, affectionate in his domestic relations, and just in his dealings."——From Cape Francois, the people of colour and the few miserable whites that remain there, are seeking to escape. They are but seldom successful, and several Americans have suffered, for their humane interference. A person by the name of *Tate*, mate of a vessel from Philadelphia, was barbarously hanged, amidst circumstances of aggravated cruelty and horror.—The transfer of jurisdiction between the Americans and Spaniards in the south, has apparently given rise to some insurrections against lawful authority in the vicinity of Baton Rouge. This has proved the occasion of the Spaniards' marching into the American territory, a military corps, who seem jealous of the Americans, and to view hostilities as possibly at no great distance of time. We have confidence, however, in a pacific result.

Proposals are issued in New-York, for an American edition of a new work, compiled by Letitia Barbauld, entitled the Epistolary Correspondence of Richardson the novelist, including biographical sketches.

The legislature of New-Jersey have enacted a law for a turnpike road, from Trenton to New-Brunswick; and erected Powleshook into a corporation, by the name of the city of New-Jersey.

Information is said to be received at Charleston S. C. that a very destructive insect has been discovered in the Indian corn, which has done considerable damage to the crops gathered this year. It is a very small worm which appears to be hatched in the cup or cell on the cob, which contains each grain. As soon as it is hatched it attacks the grain, eats it quite hollow, and renders it of little value. The only method yet attempted to prevent its ravages, is to throw the corn from the cobs; others think it will be necessary to kiln-dry it. Many of the planters in the neighbourhood are now threshing out their crops, others intend to expose it to the weather for a few weeks, in hopes that the cold will kill the insects,—but this last method is not much relied on.

The hon. James Bowdoin, son of the late Governor Bowdoin of Massachusetts, has by the President of the U. States been appointed Minister Resident at the Court of Madrid.

NEW-YORK.—The trials of Richard Riker, Robert Swartwout, Nathaniel Pendleton, and Wm. P. Van Ness, Esqs. for duelling, in violation of the laws of the state, will come on at the present session of the Supreme Court.

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WE would hint that the *summary* for this week occupies more than its allotted portion of the paper. This, however, seemed to be rendered necessary by the extent of our view. In future we trust a more restricted glance will suffice.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The *Taper* shall not be suffered to *go out* by any neglect of ours. From our readiness to let it *glimmer* in a corner of the *Fire-side*, it may be easily discerned that we are fond of *light*, although we may not be permitted to *shine*.

Varola's two intimations shall be attended to. His Allegory, which we think would grace a number of the Rambler with eclat, shall appear in our next.

Our determination on R's Letter No. 1. is in favor of its insertion, if after the receipt of others, we shall think ourselves warranted in the continuation. In the course of the expected series however, we shall always claim the privilege of reminding the writer of his promise, to adhere in all his remarks "strictly to piety and virtue."—It will afford us pleasure to follow so warm an admirer of Petrarch to Vaucluse, as long at least, as his remarks are consistent with the nature of our plan. It would be rash in us to decide upon what we have not yet seen, remembering the old proverb "Chi no vede il fondo non passi l'acqua."

☞ *It is desired that those who hold Subscription papers for the Evening Fire-side, will return them, and that such, in this city, as are disposed to encourage the work by subscribing, will leave their names, and the Nos. of their residence, at the Office, No. 84, North Front-street, as early as the 21st instant.*

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